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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

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Once upon a time . . . there were four Ghostbusters who got themselves into a whole heap of trouble when fairy stories started coming to life! The bad craziness begins in **Working Ogretime** when Peter and Egon find that trouble wears size forty boots! Fee fie foe fum! I smell the blood of a Ghostbuster! Then the problems get a whole lot worse in this week's **Winston's Diary** — oh, Grandma, what big teeth you have! Finally, get ready for ghouliness as we reach part six of our adaptation of **Ghostbusters II — the Movie!** The Real Ghostbusters . . . and they all lived happily ever after?

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MEMBER OF THE HIVE

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDEMORE



JANINE  
MELNITZ



SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

IN THE MIDST OF A DESOLATE BEAN FIELD...

EGON, WE'RE IN A BEAN FIELD IN THE MIDDLE OF IOWA, AND IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT! CAN WE GO HOME PLEASE?

NOT UNTIL WE'VE THOROUGHLY CHECKED OUT THESE REPORTS OF AN OGRE OR GIANT HAUNTING THE AREA.

PETER!



OGRES AND GIANTS WENT OUT WITH FAIRY GODMOTHERS AND THE FROG PRINCE.

REALLY? DID THEY HAVE A NICE TIME?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? NO ONE BELIEVES IN THEM ANY MORE!



YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! THAT'S NORMAL... OGRES ARE DIFFERENT! I MEAN, IF THEY EXIST, WHAT DOES THAT MAKE US - THE SEVEN DWARVES?



FEE FUM FI FEN! I SMELL THE SCENT OF TWO GENTLE MEN!

**WORKING OGRETIME!**

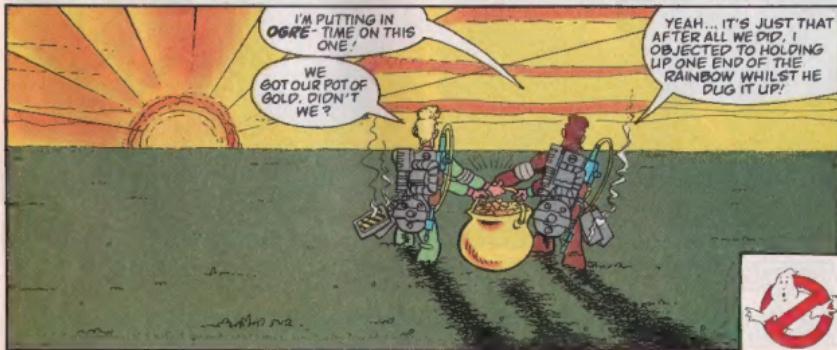
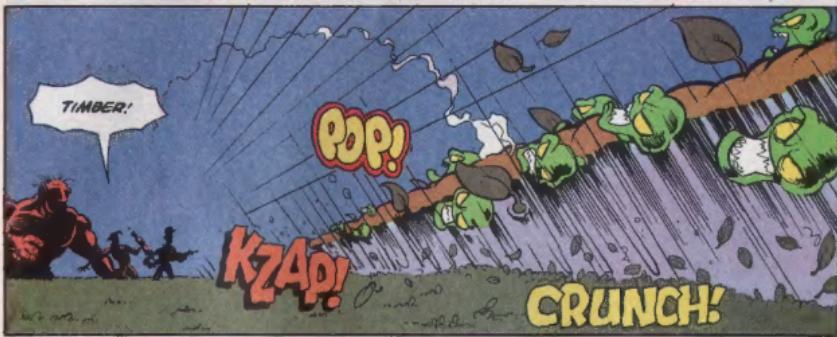


HI HO, HI HO, IT'S OFF TO WORK WE GO...









# THE WAR CONTINUES...



## EVERY WEEK IN...



# TRANSFORMERS

TM

# SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

## Fairy tales

The stories and songs that surround us in early childhood such as those of Jack and the Beanstalk and Little Red Riding Hood, often have very sinister beginnings in the realms of the Supernatural. With the aid of some notable stories, chosen from the infamous Trumm's *Grimoire* (a book of quite ghoulish Nursery Stories written by the Danish Looney Christian Trumm) I hope to demonstrate my point.

## Little Jackie Bellknap

The story of Little Jackie Bellknap is familiar to generations of children, but it is a little known fact that the roly-poly plum-duff that Little Jackie takes to market to sell in order to raise money to pay off his granny's credit-card debt is actually a mistranslation for the old Nordic words meaning 'Bog Demon'. Thus we can see how a quite innocent sounding story can have a basis in the ghastly and demonic, and also goes some way to explaining why later on in the story, no one will buy the 'pudding' because it has great big sharp pointy teeth, baleful eyes and smells of methane.



## PART 83

### Bobby Carstow

The rhyme is familiar to us all:

"Bobby Carstow went to sea,  
And berthed at Copenhagen,  
He tried to find a bed to let,  
But all the rooms were taken!"

This is of course all wrong. The real closing couplet of this charming little rhyme, according to Briony and Dieter Lindisfarne in their book *The Lore and Scansion of Trumm's Grimoire*, should read:  
"A flying saucer floated down,  
And shot him with a ray gun."

A considerable change in meaning, I think you'll agree.

### Lucy Deakins

The fairy tale rhyme 'Lucy Deakins' also comes under the critical eye of the Lindisfarne's, in their other famous book *I Will Undoubtedly Go Mad If I Read Any More Of This Garbage*. They claim the first verse ought to run:

"Lucy Deakins came to town,  
Riding on a Cheetah,  
They were gobbled up at once  
By a large Class-six repeater."

This, I feel, changes the context somewhat, and doesn't really allow for the next ninety seven verses dealing with Lucy's mammoth shopping trip in which she buys ninety-five mammoths and two tins of Kittichunks for the cheetah.

### Sloping Beauty

Perhaps the most bizarre and mysterious of all fairy tales, no one has satisfactorily explained either 1) why the Queen keeps putting frozen veg under every mattress in the Castle, or 2) where the Princess keeps sloping off to.

# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

**Monday, 15th January 1990**

Okay, so some Mondays I'm slow on the uptake. I admit I should have noticed something was wrong the moment I woke up, climbed out of my four-poster bed and gazed out of the castle window at the little timber-beamed town over the moat. I *should* have noticed then. I admit it. It was a bad oversight on my part. I just stood there yawning and rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. Then I went down to breakfast.

That's what really gave the game away. I opened the New York Times as I sat down and read the headline: 'ONCE UPON A TIME'. That was unusual as New York headlines went. The article went on "Mayor promises streetlighting for way home through woods - official! The lighting is to be phased in by Once Upton A Time, following pressure from the Woodcutters' 'Keep The Woods A Safer Place' Committee, with their advertising campaign 'All The Better To See You With'. A Wicked Wolf spokesman issued the following statement - "It's obviously going to set back our plans to eat all the little girls in the State by 1991, but I'm confident we'll huff and we'll puff and we'll blow the lighting down." Foreign News - the King of Spain's daughter came to visit..."

I looked up slowly and met the eyes of Peter, Ray and Egon, who had all been pretty slow on the uptake too, and were all arriving at the same sort of conclusions.

After a long and wondering moment, Ray spoke. He said "HQ does not look much like I remember it. Since when did we have suits of armour, hanging drapes and burning torches in wall brackets?"

"About as long as we've sat in thrones to eat our breakfasts," I put in, pulling one of the huge pile of satin cushions out from under me and flinging it to the flagstones.

Peter looked thoughtful as he eyed the rest of us. "Why are we wearing doublets and tights and short capes and pointy-shoes with bells on our toes?"

"And rings on our fingers," added Ray

for good measure. We all looked at Egon who looked back more seriously than professor of seriousness who's just been made Dean of the Serious Faculty. "Nobody panic," he said.



After about twenty-five minutes of solid, professional panicking, we finally sat down again - more, I think, to take off our pointy shoes (which were jingling annoyingly every time we panicked with any animation) than because we'd calmed down any. "We have to think this through," exclaimed Egon, fumbling with his shoe laces. "We appear to have been transplanted into a quasi-romantic mediaeval fantasy world."

"No kidding," cut in Peter. "This is all like some crummy fairy tale!" "Fairy tale..." mused Ray. "You may have something there, Peter. Egon - d'you recall the Bamperdock incident?"

"Bumperdock, Illinois, June twelfth 1951?" replied Egon. "Why, yes I do. The whole town regressed to a semi-fantasy state following the misuse of a copy of Trumm's Grimoire which accidentally turned up in the local lending library. This could be the same sort of thing - on a massive scale! We have to find the extent of the fantasy distortion field."

So out we went, into the streets of what had been New York. The three little pigs we met just outside Castle HQ

were very helpful and said as far as they knew the city went on like this for a long way. The knight in shining armour who was shinning his way up a nearby building by means of a long lock of golden hair, agreed with the piggies' story and said he'd ridden for six days and nights to get here and had to cut through a wall of thorns into the bargain. Egon reckoned that the knight was probably exaggerating. The man who was out taking his dog for a walk told us that he lived next door to the candy cottage three streets away and things were the same there as they were here. He said his next-door neighbour, a princess, was a lovely girl, but she would go to sleep under a blanket of leaves, and she didn't half lie in each morning. In fact she hadn't been up all week, ever since she did that spinning on Tuesday night. He probably would have gone on at length if we'd given him the chance, but we thanked him and hurried on saying we were very busy. Besides, his dog had eyes as big as cart wheels and was making us nervous.

And so it went on. The little girl in the red raincoat said she'd love to help us but her granny told her not to talk to strangers. A little old man ran away from us screaming 'You're just after my straw! Just after my straw!' and some rather dense kid mistook our questions and thought we wanted to buy his cow.

Finally, we got to the City Library, which now looked like a fairy tale castle, complete with pointy towers, fluttering pennants and a drawbridge. A queue of knights and squires, lances held gleaming in the sunlight, were waiting outside with piles of library books to take back. We pushed our way to the front and went inside.

"Thank goodness you're here!" exclaimed Princess Janine, her wimple fluttering as she hitched up her flowing robes and sprinted towards us. "I found this in the 'New Books' section and I thought Egon would probably like it. I was just getting it stamped when this happened!" Janine held out a big old

tome for our inspection.

"Trumm's Grimoire... just as we



thought," said Egon. "Now all we have to do is pronounce the dedication backwards and —"

"What do you think you're doing with that book?!" bellowed a massive giantess, stomping towards us, waving a huge cudgel. "Fee Fie Foe Fed — put the book down or I'll crack your head!"

But had performed a bizarre and meaningful skipping dance, they'd both wiggled their left little fingers at each other and finally shouted "Rum Te Tum Trum Trum Trum!" and the spell was cancelled.

The librarian put down her ruler with a rather surprised yelp and nearly fainted. "I'm so sorry, I don't know what came over me."

"Shhhhhh!" said the people who had been knights and squires a moment before.

"That's that," said Peter. "Now can we get back to HQ. My feet are cold without shoes on."

So back we went again and lived happily ever after...



# VINCENT VAN SPLOSH

The spectre of this temperamental painter was haunting the Long Island mansion of a rich art collector called Gatsby. The spook seemed to take great delight in splashing his name across Gatsby's valuable collection of paintings by Van Splosh's rival Henri Easel! The activities of this ghostly graffiti artist threatened to put a stop to a planned exhibition of Easel's art. All attempts to bust the

spectral scrawler failed, and it was left to Egon to discern that Van Splosh's ghost was driven by a desire to expose a forger: the paintings were in fact Van Splosh's own with Easel's signature scrawled over the top! Once the truth was known, the ghost happily disappeared in a flash of pure colour, and Gatsby was left with a far more valuable collection of paintings than he previously realised!



# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



his chilling tale of misappropriated blame centres on a young artist named Shadwell who spent the summer some years ago as the paying guest of a small country clergyman. His stay was a pleasant one, as he got on well with the Clergyman's family and was producing fine paintings.

Then, one evening after dinner, Shadwell was sitting in his room, when in walked a little girl who bore a striking resemblance to the other members of the family, but who he had not seen before. He called out a greeting, but the little waif ignored him and, with a sombre expression on her face, walked across the room, touched a spot on the wall, then retraced her steps to the door and left.

Disconcerted by this, Shadwell mentioned it to his host the next day. The

clergyman turned pale with alarm and said "I'm afraid that was no *human* child you saw last night... rather it was a ghost!" Then the clergyman added that he would appreciate it if Shadwell mentioned nothing of the incident to his wife.

Intrigued, Shadwell pressed the clergyman to know more and the clergyman explained it as follows: some years before, whilst some plastering work was being done in the house, the minister's wife had received a visit from the grocer, who had come to settle a bill. The wife had sent the eldest daughter upstairs to fetch a half-crown that she had left on the dressing table. After a long interval, the girl returned and said that there was no coin to be found. Despite the child's protestations of innocence, the wife became very annoyed, and was convinced the

girl had either taken the money or was trying to play a trick. Finally, the minister's wife sent the girl to her room as punishment.

Racked by injustice and unhappiness, the poor child had gone into an uncontrollable fit, followed by convulsions, and by daybreak she had passed away. Understandably, the mother was dashed into remorse and to that day had blamed herself for her daughter's death.

On hearing this tale of woe and sadness, Shadwell hurried to examine the spot on the wall that the ghost had touched. Breaking back the plaster, he found a half-crown beneath the surface. No one could explain its presence, but the sad phantom was never seen again, as her name had been cleared of guilt at last.



# GH<sup>O</sup>STBUSTERS II

PART SIX!











MORE FUN NEXT WEEK!

MARVEL

# GH<sup>ST</sup>STBUSTERS II

## FILM SPECIAL



► The Story



► The Story



► The Effects

► The Locations

Everything  
you wanted  
to know but  
were AFRAID  
to ask!



OUT NOW!  
FILM SPECIAL

# HOST WRITING!



Yo! Peter V here, back to mercilessly wade through your creepy questions. Is there no end to the talents of this Ghostbuster?

Dear Peter... .

Does Egon ever test his inventions on you? My sister hates Ghostbusters and she drew a drawing of you being pushed off a building.  
Daniel Burns.

*Every now and then, we end up on the receiving end of one of Egon's less reliable inventions: Ecto-X, for instance. We usually forgive him, though, unless we're extra-specially covered in slime. I'm not sure we can forgive your sister, however. How can she possibly hate four devilishly handsome, valiant, intelligent, witty, cool, streetwise, trendy, debonair, massively successful, modest, all-round hippity-hop hang dang dudey dudes like us? I ask you!*

I have some questions:

1. In issue 12, was 'A Nightmare on Smith Street' anything to do with 'A Nightmare on Elm Street'?
2. Have you seen 'A Nightmare on Elm Street'? What type of ghost would Freddy Krueger be?

Andrew Williams, Luton.

*No no no no no, absolutely not, no no no no. As for watching the movie, I do seem to remember Winston getting it out on video one evening, but I didn't like it much. Just wasn't believable enough. As for what type of ghost Krueger would be - he'd be a busted ghost if I have anything to do with it!*

Here are some questions for you:

1. Why don't you and the other guys make slime-proof overalls to stop you getting slimed?
2. Instead of Proton Guns, why not make Proton Disintegrating Guns so you can disintegrate the ghosts instead of trapping them?  
Obi Mgboh, Stoke Newington.

*I'll hand these questions over to Ray as he's the technical expert. Ray - "Well, Obi, there's some fine ideas here and no mistake. 1. We'd make slime proof overalls if we could find a material that was genuinely proof against the stuff! Ecto-plasm comes in such a variety of viscous and caustic forms, we'd never find anything that was proof*

*against all types. Egon tried to create a synthetic material that would do the job once, but he ended up with sheets of something three parts toffee and two parts polystyrene. 2. Ghosts are very difficult to actually disintegrate - that's why we built a device to ensnare them instead. The Ecto-splat gun you see us using sometimes comes closest to disintegrating them - it counter-acts the protonic value of their ectoplasm. Sometimes, our Proton guns overload a ghost and we wipe it out with a total protonic reversal. Now that saves on traps!"*

Could you answer my questions please?

1. If you would like to come to our house to get away from Slimer, you're welcome!
2. In the film, when you busted Mr Stay-Puft, the Marshmallow Man, the ectoplasm went all over you. In the comic this never happens - why?
3. What was your best bust? I like your haircut.

Jonathan Kneller, Kent.

*Of course I could . . . anyone who likes my haircut deserves some answers! 1. Thank you. I may take you up on that! 2. Never happens? NEVER HAPPENS? We're always getting covered in gloop, goo, spluck, mush, gunk, spludge, swill and ooze! 3. Busting Mr Stay-Puft must have been the most satisfying, even though we did get covered in gloop, goo, spluck, mush, gunk, spludge, swill and ooze.*

# Beauty and the Beast™

## Graphic Novel

Beauty  
and the  
Beast

PORTRAIT  
of  
LOVE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
**WENDY PINI**

BASED ON THE TV SERIES CREATED BY  
**RON KOSLOW**

**MARVEL®**



Together in a world  
forever trying to keep  
them apart, two very  
special people fight to  
keep their love alive

An original story  
written and illustrated  
by **Wendy Pini**  
cover painting by  
**Olivia de Berardinis**

A tale of  
fobidden passion  
from **Marvel**

BLIMEY!  
IT'S...

SLIMER



Slimer wants your  
jokes! Send 'em  
to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2

# SLIME TIME!



What position in a football team do ghosts play?  
**Ghoulkeeper!**

What sort of songs do ghosts like?

*Haunting melodies!*  
— James Stephens, Hillingdon

What did the fire-breathing dragon do at the wedding?  
*It toasted the bride and groom!*

— Heidi Sawley, Keighley

Why did the skeleton climb up  
the tree so fast?  
*Because a dog was after his  
bones!*

— Ronald Brown, Musselburgh

What do vampires cross the  
sea in?  
*Blood vessels!*

Where do ghosts go to do  
their shopping?  
*Spooker-markets!*

— Nicholas Johnson, Harrogate

